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JOHN McLELLAN, ROBERT W. SPOFFORD,
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ARTICLES FORTHCOMING.

GEN. SHERIDAN WITH THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

We have an admirable contribution under this title from the able pen of Capt. Henry A. Castle, Past Commander of the Department of Minnesota, G. A. R., and now Sixth Auditor of the Treasury. It is more than a well-written narrative of Gen. Sheridan's brilliant career in the Army of the Cumberland. It embraces a critical study of his conduct at the battle of Chickamauga, about which there has been so much discussion. It will appear in an early issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

THE SPY OF THE REBELLION.

By ALLAN PINKERTON.
This is one of the most thrilling stories of the war and secret service ever written. The great detective, Allan Pinkerton, who had the confidence of the service, and the confidence of President Lincoln, tells the story as no one else could tell it. We shall begin the publication of this narrative, which will run for several months, in the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, at an early date.
Now is the time to subscribe.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE TEXAS SUFFERERS.

We have received the following contributions for the relief of the Texas comrades and their widows who lost their all in the terrible storm:
Lafayette Post, G. A. R., No. 20, Washington, D. C., \$10.00
Lafayette W. R. C., Washington, D. C., 5.00
M. L. Dodge, Fredericksburg, Va., 1.00
Floyd T. Ruscoe, Norfolk, Conn., 2.00
Col. Ezra H. Rippe, Scranton, Pa., 10.00
M. B. Odell, Kalamazoo, Mich., .50
Dr. J. J. Burman, Washington, D. C., .50
D. C., .50
Olin Nash, 24 Conn. H. A., New-
town, Conn., 1.00
Henry C. Carpenter, Pawtucket,
R. I., 2.00
J. H. Putnam, Rutland, Vt., 1.00
Post No. 255, G. A. R., Department
of Pennsylvania, Downingtown, Pa., 5.00

The atrocities of the Chinese upon the foreign women who fell into their hands shame anything in the history of our Indian warfare. Yet some people claim that the Chinese do not need missionaries.

HOBSON'S intimation that the Spanish sunk their own ships at Manila was doubtless a dynamite stick prepared for Dewey in case he persisted in running for the Presidency, and only fired off now because they hated to waste it.

Our "Legation Guard" in Pe-King, not being part of the "army," will not be under command of Field Marshal von Waldersee, but directly under that of our Minister, who will exercise command through the senior General, probably Chaffee or Wilson.

The oldest, the most compact and the most corrupt political machine in the world is that which governs China. It began its machinations many centuries before any of the modern machines were in existence, and its unscrupulous greed has constantly grown and strengthened by what it fed on.

The Republicans of the Second Ohio District have renominated Representative Jacob H. Brownell for Congress, and the veterans of Cincinnati and Hamilton County should make a united and earnest effort to render his re-election by an increased majority a sure thing. He distinguished himself by his zeal on behalf of the veterans, and displayed the greatest ability and energy in pushing the Brownell Bill to give all veterans preference in public employment. His re-election will be the greatest help to the success of that measure.

At the reunion of the 21st Ind., Capt. John T. Campbell freed his mind in a way that pleased his hearers very much. Among other things he said:

"What am I driving at? I am driving at the union of the blue and the gray. I favor reconciliation. I love to see enemies converted into friends. But I have noticed that in most instances where the blue and the gray have met, the blues have had to go far over the line of truth to keep the peace. I have never been in a meeting of the blue and the gray, nor shall I. While I am sorry for many men who were the gray, I have no right to justify them."
The late affair at Atlanta where Confederate Gen. Gordon justified the Confederate cause and gloried in it is a fair sample of most of them. As a survivor who wore the blue, I will not so discount the memory of our dead comrades, nor so denigrate their graves with floral mockery as to say, by word or act, that those they opposed were equally meritorious. These unions of the blue and the gray have often been sought by the gray, and as often the courtesy has been abused by having the gray cause thrust to the front demanding endorsement."

THE TEXAS SUFFERERS.

The following letter from the Commander of the Department of Texas, G. A. R., states the situation there very clearly:

Headquarters Department of Texas,
Grand Army of the Republic,
Houston, Texas, Sept. 20, 1900.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In behalf of the Department of Texas, Grand Army of the Republic, I beg to thank you for the timely and generous remittance of \$100 as the personal contribution of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE in the relief of the stricken comrades of our Department and their families.

The appalling calamity that has befallen Grant and the coast country has smitten hundreds of our comrades in the city, villages and on farms. In many instances portions of whole families are lost; in a hundred other houses are wrecked, livestock killed and crops destroyed. The local Post of this city and the Department are doing what they can, but their efforts are all inadequate. Systematic organized assistance can alone avert distress, and we, therefore, appeal to the Grand Army organization of our country in behalf of these comrades. We recognize that our members are getting old and our indigent list growing, but the growth is gradual and is provided for as it occurs; this is a sudden calamity, and alone we are unable to meet it.

They had made their last stand and effort to secure for themselves and their families little homes in the coast country of Texas. Their all is involved. Far along in the evening of life, they cannot recuperate quickly. If there was time to make another crop, they have nothing with which to make it. Unless we help them they must abandon their homes—their all. If the principles of our Order—Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty—are of any avail, now is the time to show it. Fraternity means organization; Charity means everything, and is "the greatest of all"; Loyalty means standing by our comrades as well as the flag. They were our brothers in arms, they are our kindred in adversity.

We recognize with grateful hearts that large amounts have been contributed by members of the Order in the general relief fund of a general public. The efforts of such contributions are not likely to be as effective as though directed by our own organization; and, therefore, we make a public appeal through the great soldier's paper, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. We suggest that all remittances should be made to the undersigned as Department Commander, or through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE as you may elect. All such remittances will be promptly acknowledged and faithfully applied.

The Commander of Geo. B. McClellan Post of this city has made a thorough canvass of the stricken district outside of Galveston, and estimates that between 100 and 200 families have suffered loss, many of whom will have to be cared for by our comrades for at least six months. The heads of these families are all members of the Grand Army, but they are all Union ex-soldiers, and in their affliction are as much our wards as though they were in full affliction.

Our stricken comrades will ever hold in grateful memory their more fortunate brothers in this time of need.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

CHARLES B. PECK,
Department Commander.

Now, comrades of the G. A. R., sisters of the W. R. C., and Ladies of the G. A. R., and brethren and sisters of the Sons of Veterans and Ladies Aid Society, the case is before you. No worthy object of your liberal sympathy was ever presented to you. Our comrades in their old age, and their families have been stricken by a calamity which has left them destitute. They need everything, and need it far worse than any of the other sufferers because all of them are well advanced in years. They should be our special care—the particular objects of our bounty, because of their age, because they are our comrades, and because they are in a measure strangers in a strange land. Our veterans have hardly become fully naturalized yet in Texas. A great many of them have only recently gone down to the Gulf Coast to escape the rigors of the Northern climate, which their advancing years made them less able to stand. The Department of Texas is small in numbers, without large wealthy Posts anywhere, and it has a hard struggle to keep the fires of loyalty burning all over that great State, with the comrades widely scattered over its imperial area. It is in no shape to meet such an appalling catastrophe, and must look for help from the comrades elsewhere.

We earnestly hope that everywhere the comrades and their auxiliaries will lay the matter to heart, and every one give something. A small contribution or collection from each Post and Corps will aggregate a sum which will relieve an immense amount of distress.

The acknowledgements we make elsewhere show that our appeal of last week has already stirred up generous responses. We hope that next week we shall have the pleasure of acknowledging many times as much.

Remember the old saying: "He gives twice who gives quickly."

DEATH OF GEN. McCLELLAN.

A notable figure in the early history of the war has passed away at the ripe age of 88. Maj. Gen. John A. McClellan was born in Breckinridge County, Ky., May 30, 1812, but was reared at Shawneetown, Ill., his father being one of the pioneers of that country. He received only the meager education that was then afforded, but he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and speedily became noted as a lawyer. He was a man of great vigor and acuteness of intellect, and an eloquent speaker. He served as a private in the Black Hawk War, and made some reputation. He established a Democratic paper in Shawneetown, was elected to the Legislature, and in 1843 to Congress, where he continued to serve until the outbreak of the rebellion, when he took a firm stand for the Union, and exerted a powerful influence in shaping the Union sentiment in that section of the State, and carrying with him into the army those Democrats who had, like himself, been ardent supporters of Stephen A. Douglas. He was commissioned a Brigadier General, and commanded the Right Division in Gen. Grant's advance up to the Tennessee. When the rebels attempted to cut their way out of Fort Donelson, the weight of the attack fell upon his division, and after obstinate fighting he was driven back nearly two miles. He showed courage and soldierly spirit of a high order, however, and his reputation was increased by the battle. It was the same at Shiloh, where he commanded much of the hardest fighting.

At the time that Gen. Grant was under



GEN. JOHN A. McCLELLAN.

a cloud, from the battle of Shiloh until the capture of Vicksburg, Gen. McClellan was looked upon, and looked upon himself, as his proper successor, and he maneuvered a great deal to secure this position. He felt that he was undoubtedly the superior of the plain, unassuming soldier who had never been more than a Captain of infantry, with some experience in the Mexican War. The Fall of 1862 was occupied by a series of intrigues between a clique of politicians, headed by McClellan, to remove Grant, and a clique of regular army officers to retain Grant, not because they liked him, but to defeat the politicians. Gen. McClellan finally got an order from President Lincoln to raise a force to capture Vicksburg. It was intended that he should raise this by recruiting at home, but instead he went down the Mississippi and assumed command of Gen.

Sherman's troops, returning from the disastrous attack upon Chickasaw Bayou. With these he carried out successfully Gen. Sherman's plan of capturing Arkansas Post. In the campaign against Vicksburg Gen. McClellan commanded the Thirteenth Corps. He failed to come up to what Gen. Grant expected of him on several occasions, and finally, after the attack on May 22, he issued an order substantially that he had penetrated the enemy's lines, but was unable to drive the attack home on account of lack of proper support from the rest of the army. This brought out a vigorous protest from Sherman, McPherson, Rawlins and others, and resulted in McClellan's being relieved from command. He subsequently commanded troops on the Rio Grande, in 1864, when we were assuming a more strenuous attitude toward the French in Mexico, but resigned Nov. 30, 1864. He was commissioned Brigadier General of Volunteers, May 17, 1861, and Major General March 12, 1862. He was elected a Delegate to the National Union Convention at Philadelphia, in 1866, but gradually dropped out of politics, and for many years had been living very quietly at his home in Springfield, Ill.

He was a man of very great talents in certain directions, and in his prime exerted a wide influence.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Only those who will not be convinced by anything which will fail to be convinced by the plain, comprehensive statement of the Philippine Commission as to the condition in the islands. This shows that the situation there is very much better than we could have reasonably expected it to be at this short time after taking possession. When we recall the experience of other Nations in reducing savage and semi-savage countries to peace and order—when we recall our own recent experience in the Far West—we see that our progress in the Philippines has been most astonishing. A very large part of the islands has been made as quiet and orderly as any country. The people are at work, contented and happy, industries are developing every day, and plans for the future are being matured. Schools are being established everywhere, and the people show the greatest interest in education. The only trouble comes from the class bred by four centuries of Spanish greed, incompetence and misrule added to their own practical propensities. They are the "ladrones," or thieves, whom the Spaniards never attempted to actually suppress. They merely drove them off when they made an attack, punished such as fell into their hands and could not buy themselves off, and frequently bribed and entered into alliances with the more daring and skillful of them. They never hunted them down after the thorough, relentless American fashion, and either extirpated them, or made them comprehend that it was more profitable to become quiet, law-abiding citizens. These Ladrones—thieves and pirates for countless generations—form the backbone of the present disturbing element in the islands. With them are associated such of the honestly-inclined natives as can impress, and the shrewd men like Aguinaldo, who want to get an opportunity to rob and plunder the islands in Spanish fashion. The number and power of these Ladrones are being daily reduced by the energetic warfare against them of the soldiers who hunt them to their holes, and demonstrate the hopelessness of their schemes. In reality, the pacification of the archipelago is going on with unprecedented rapidity. No Nation, taking possession of such a country, has done nearly so much for it in so short a time.



Si Megg as a Veteran.

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Shorty's Wooing Barely Thrives.

Woman-like, Maria extended her blame for Sally Wakefield's maneuvers to Shorty himself, and concluded in her own mind that he must have "done something to encourage that forward minx."

So she suddenly remained inside the kitchen the next morning, working over the stove, and set Amanda to wait on the table. Mrs. Klegg was too accustomed to Maria's willingness to even look surprised as she noticed the arrangement, and without remark took her seat at the



Si Megg as a Veteran.

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Shorty's Wooing Barely Thrives.

breakfast table. Maria came much nearer governing that household according to her own sweet will than anybody outside of it imagined.

Somewhat the victims did not appear nearly so appetizing to Shorty when he received from Amanda's hands. Despite her hospitable urgings, he ate sparingly, and without interest, and answered indifferently such of the Deacon's and Si's remarks as were addressed him. He could not keep his eyes from turning wistfully toward the kitchen-door, that they might be lighted up with a glimpse of Maria.

But as Maria could command a good view of him through the crack where the door swung back on its hinges, she did not propose to gratify him by showing herself, and watched with gratification his visible discomfort.

Amanda was piqued by Shorty's lack of relish of the victuals he received him. "Come, Mr. Elliott," she pouted, "why don't you eat something? Does my hand-ling the victuals taste the taste away? What's come over you?"

"Excuse me, Miss Mandy," said Shorty, in confusion, and beginning to eat with avidity. "I thought I was hating in my peck."

"Hiding in your peck, Mr. Elliott?" said Amanda, in surprise.

"Excuse me, Miss Mandy, I shouldn't've said that before you. I mean 'wasting my hash,' Mr. Elliott."

"There I go again, Miss. I mean 'stowing my provender.' How funny you talk, Mr. Elliott. What kind of language is that? Is that what they talk down South?"

"Now, Mandy, you'll really have to excuse me. I ain't fit for young ladies' society. What I was trying to say was that I thought I was going through my victuals like a buzz-saw through a shingle."

"Why, you aint eat half that ham-and-eggs that I fried myself, and hardly touched them griddle-cakes that are as light as thistle-down. I made 'em myself, and put lots of eggs. Yesterday you just couldn't get enough. Now you mince and mangle, as if you was afraid there was rat-bane somewhere. It's just because it's me and not Maria that's giving the things to you."

and hang him on the knob of her door, and skip out again for the army, where I'll be a Bad Man from Bitter Creek, and make everybody sick that runs up against me. But as long as I've breath in my body I'll say that she's the boss girl in these United States of America, and the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof against all enemies and opposers whatsoever, either foreign or domestic, so help me, God."

At the supper-table that evening Maria sat by Shorty when she was not waiting on the table, and her manner was that of subdued kindness—of one who had forgiven much, not on account of the merits of the offender, but from her own goodness of heart. This had a repressive effect on Shorty, making him feel still that his own unworthiness, but did not abate his determination to bring matters to a better definition.

Afterward, for there was the first touch of frost in the evening air, they gathered in the cozy sitting-room, where the first ruddy fire of the Fall was lighted in the roomy fireplace, spreading more light and cheer than actual heat. The Deacon, capacious slippers on his large feet, labored through the war news in the Indianapolis Journal. Mrs. Klegg knitted on some warm socks for Si, and read and dig-

gested the church news in the Baptist Herald. Si had slipped away to see Annabell Amanda was at the melodeon, singing alternately hymns and war songs. Sammy Voggles, who had been promised a half-day for squirrel-hunting when the corn and the pumpkins were all in, was near at hand, was cleaning the little rifle, and preparing to melt some lead in a small skillet to run the bullets. Maria, with a small bit of muslin stretched over a hoop, was editorializing on the reasonableness and lines with colored thread. Finding the light and blaze of the fire too much, she heated a candle, and took her work into a distant corner of the room. This was Shorty's opportunity. He summoned all his courage and tact, and with anxious heart tried to noisily take advantage of the absorption of the rest in their several occupations to make his way to Maria's side. But his generous-sized feet, which needed the free play of a regimental camp, and were wholly unused to the traps of a "living-room," caught on the rockers of Mrs. Klegg's chair, disturbed that good lady in the midst of an absorbing editorial on the reasonableness and rightfulness of Close Communion, and almost brought Shorty to the floor.

"Too bad," said Mrs. Klegg, gently. "Then rockers are entirely too long. They're always catching people. I've said a hundred times that I'd have 'em sawed off."

"Taint the rockers, ma'am," laughed Maria. "It's Mr. Elliott's able feet. He's grooved them for climbing mountains and carrying over creeks, and they ain't used to anything less'n a 10-acre lot. Can't you manage some way to leave a part of 'em out-doors when you come in, Mr. Elliott?"

"Now, Maria, how can you talk so about Mr. Elliott?" expostulated Amanda. "I'm sure that his feet are well-shaped, and not at all out of proportion to his size."

"Much you know about men's feet, Miss," snapped Maria, to warn her sister of her preserves. "You pay attention to Si and Wakefield's feet. They're the only ones you have ever noticed, and they're certainly smaller and better-shaped than his sister's. Sin as she is, she can't see if you can get the right purchase on them clod-crushers, come over here. I want to talk to you."

Shorty's horses roared again. He finally asserted himself in a split-bottomed chair by Maria's side, and looked at her with eager inquiry. But the young lady had suddenly become very much interested in some perplexity in her pattern, which she could not make out, and was bending over it in deep scrutiny. Shorty looked admiringly at the white column of her neck, fine in its texture as the petal of a morning-glory, and noted the little curls of silver hair which had escaped from the crown of the disastrous new crownlet which she shapely head. He wanted to tell her just how lovely it all looked, but dared not, and would not have had the words if he had dared. He waited for her to speak, but she did not, and he was about to venture something ought to be said, ventured upon:

"That's an awfully pretty thing you're making there, Miss Maria."

"Taint much," replied Maria, with a sniff. "Taint much. Only a ready for Pap's chair. I suppose you'd have a fit if you saw some of Sally Wakefield's needle-work. She thinks she can embroider to beat the Queen of Sheba."

"No, indeed," protested Shorty. "I never seen no of her work, and never want to. Yours is purty enough for me. I don't believe no girl in the world can do that as well as you can."

"It seem'd to have a good effect, and Maria softened a little. She stopped, snuffed the candle, surveyed her work by the better light, bit off her thread, threaded her needle with another color, and remarked, contemplatively:

"I suppose you'll be trotting over to see Sally Wakefield, you found her so charming the other evening?"

Maria rushed to the side of the howling Si, and the house and talk to mother and Mandy."

"What in the world's the matter, Sammy?" she inquired.

"Why," blubbered the boy, "I had one of them old cartridges that Shorty gave me, and I shot Si, and he's hurt. I put the bullet-necks that I'd cut off, and put back in the skillet, and when I set the skillet back in the fire it went off, and burnt my hands and face. My, how they hurt."

"If that fool boy ever lives to grow up it'll be a miracle," growled the Deacon. "I believe he lays wake nights to think of ways to hurt himself."

"Maria, run out into the kitchen, and see that goose grease you'll find on the top shelf," commanded Mrs. Klegg. "Nothing's better for burns."

Shorty took himself out of the way and to bed, defeated in his expectation of knowing his fate, raging at Sammy for his unwelcome interruption at a critical moment, but feeling comforted that his case was not so hopeless as it had seemed.

Maria was too busy making preparations for boiling apple-butter the next morning to be present at the breakfast table, and Shorty, feeling that his case was not so hopeless as it had seemed, was vigorously pushing the paddle back and forward in the kettle, being sure to go every inch of the bottom, that there might not be the slightest chance of burning, and adding from time to time more apples to the fragrant steaming mass.

Of all the men on whom the sun shines the thrifty, well-to-do farmer north of Mason & Dixon's line and the Ohio River has incomparably more good things to eat than any other, and a far greater abundance of them.

The world has been deluged with the praises of the grapes, wines, oranges and lemons of Italy; the bread, beer, cheeses and butter of Germany; the roast beef of Old England; the marvelous dishes which the French cooks will prepare from the most unpromising materials. But the thrifty farmer in that broad stretch of country lying northward of a line drawn from Baltimore to St. Louis has, with the exception of the wines and the beer, all of the good things that any of them have, many others that none of them have, and an abundance that is denied to even their wealthier neighbors. His table is filled with hams that vie with the famous ones of Westphalia; not even grapes grown on the volcanic sides of Vesuvius surpass in lusciousness his apples, peaches, pears and cherries; his corn has no equal supply him with beef, milk and butter second to none in the world; his gardens riot with all the melons and vegetables that Europe knows, and many that she does not; and his King's table has no bread the apples of his own. And how skillfully his wife and daughters prepare these rich fruits of a fertile soil and beneficent sun. The artistic "composition" of the French chef are pale to shame by the genuineness, the excellence and the natural wholesomeness of the products of their fair hands.

Somewhere in the world, someone may have produced a better thing than a dish of good apple-butter, but it has not appeared in the menu of the most elaborate feast. The apple—and especially the American apple—is far and away the king of all fruits. All other fruits are the mere accessories. He is the absolute monarch, towering far above the best of them. And apple-butter made by the fair hands of a careful, conscientious, skilful woman is the very soul, the essence, the life of the apple. It has the apple's peerless fragrance, sweeter, sweeter, more delicate than that of the rose in June; it has concentrated the apple's delicate sweetness, elusive taint, and taste-intoxication. Given a slice of fresh home-made apple-butter, and you can eat your wife or your daughter, thick o'erspread by yellow butter smelling of the sunny meadows, then a generous layer of nut-brown apple-butter, with a glass of cool milk by the side—well, Lucullus may have his singulare tongue, and Meenias his honey of Hyettus. They were poor, old-time pagans at best. They never knew the light of Christianity, the blessings of a Constitutional Government, and the taste of bread-and-butter and apple-butter and sweet milk on an Indiana farm.

But, like all the best things in this world, the right kind of apple-butter can only be had at the cost of brains, labor and anxious forethought. The apple-butter was one of the things that the women of the Klegg household threw as much themselves into as the Deacon did into the care of his stock and the tilling of his kettle. He depended on the least suggestive thought, for they would be reminded three times every day in the year, when the apple-butter appeared on the table, by its appearance and taste of any error of judgment or lack of attention.

Maria had thought of nothing else than the apple-butter since she had risen in the morning. She had determined to spare her mother the hard work and nervous attention, but Mrs. Klegg had very reluctantly surrendered to her argument, and duty. She was on trial, for "Maria's apple-butter" would be the subject of remark at every meal during the coming year. She had brightened the copper-kettle to remove the least suggestive of taint, and managed the fire and watched the "boiling-down of the cider" with unflagging solicitude. She was carefully adding the apples, with a stirring that reached every part of the mass, and she was now to rise up in judgment against her ever after.

Shorty's heart leaped when he saw that she was entirely alone, far from rest and from interruption, and he unluckily genius told him that this was a propitious time for pressing his suit. He could not have chosen a worse one.

"Hello," she said, as she heard his footsteps, but did not raise her eyes from the steaming kettle. "What'd you come in so early for? Cut yourself? Get mother to tie it up."

"No; got through court-cutting. Si's going off to get his license, and I thought I'd come in here and help you."

"Well, you can't. I must do this myself. Wouldn't trust it to nobody, especially to a man."

word to me. I can't bother now. Go into the house and talk to mother and Mandy."

When Si got home that evening and rushed up to Shorty, to show him the license, he found his partner down in the vale of sorrow, writing a good-bye to him and the family.

(To be continued.)

"PUNISHING THE CHINESE."

The German position of holding Pe-King in force until all those concerned in the recent outrages are given up for punishment is clearly impracticable. There is no doubt that the Empress Dowager and the whole of her governing clique are directly guilty of all the crimes against humanity and civilization that have been committed. But she and her immediate circle would naturally resist to the bitter end all efforts to deliver her and them over to the executioner, as they eminently deserve. To insist on this is simply to declare war against the whole Chinese people, for much as we have heard of the revolt against the Manchus no one has yet risen who makes any show of disputing the authority of her and the Emperor. If there were anywhere a powerful rival to the throne, he might be supported by the Powers, and when placed in authority be made the engine of justice against the malefactors of the highest degree. But to all intents and purposes, Kwang-Su remains the undisputed titular Emperor of China, and the Empress Dowager and her clique exercise his authority.

Therefore, the only thing to do, is to restore him to his throne in Pe-King, and put such pressure upon him and the Empress Dowager as will secure the exemplary punishments of their principal agents. This appears to be the program of the United States, Russia, and probably of Japan and France.

We shall retire from Pe-King with our "army," but leave there a "legation guard" of 2,000 men, with abundant supplies and ammunition. With similar "legation guards" from other Powers, this will make a foreign force abundantly able to cope with any uprising in or around the city. Besides, we shall probably retain a good force near Tien-Tsin, and from our strong base at Manila, with 60,000 seasoned veterans ready for instant service, we can exert a pressure incomparably greater than that of any other Nation.

Our policy is the simplest and most reasonable, and by far the easiest to carry out. While we may not visit on the Empress Dowager, Prince Tuan and one or two others, the punishment they richly deserve, we can inflict justice on those next them, which will have the most exemplary effect on the Chinese Nation, and the Dowager Empress, Prince Tuan et al. will have a punishment equal to the worst in their powerlessness to save their accomplices and tools.

WORK OF THE PENSION BUREAU.

For the week ending Sept. 8, the number of certificates issued by the Pension Bureau total 1,000, the lowest point reached by many months. This, compared with the work done by the Bureau for the corresponding week in 1899, is as follows:

	Sept. 8, 1899.	Sept. 8, 1900.
Originals	500	602
Increase, additional	87	141
Reissue	81	23
Restoration and renewal	122	29
Transference	6	14
Supplemental	6	2
Duplicate	7	27
Accrued	138	162
Total	1,081	1,000

For the week ending Sept. 15, 1900, the certificates showed an increase over the work of the week before, but a great falling off from the average in August. The comparison is as follows:

or week ending Sept. 8, 1900....	1,900
or week ending Sept. 15, 1900....	1,321

GOV.-GEN. WOOD has begun the arduous work of reforming the ineffably corrupt Cuban judiciary by removing four of the Associate Justices of the Audencia, or Cuban Supreme Court. This is at once the most difficult and the most essential work the Americans have to do in Cuba, unless the fountain-heads of justice are

GOV.-GEN. WOOD has begun the arduous work of reforming the ineffably corrupt Cuban judiciary by removing four of the Associate Justices of the Audencia, or Cuban Supreme Court. This is at once the most difficult and the most essential work the Americans have to do in Cuba. Unless the fountain-heads of justice are purified and kept pure, nothing else can be of any avail, and any form of Government is a mockery and an oppression. But every lawyer and jurist in Cuba has grown up and been educated under the vicious Spanish system, where bribery and favoritism have been the universal rule for four centuries. They cannot understand anything else, and American justice is incomprehensible to them. A new generation, sternly educated in American methods, must rise up before Cuba can hope for Judges after our own pattern, who will decide "without fear, favor, partiality or affection."

ENGLAND'S diplomacy requires careful watching. She is liable at any time to try to leave the other Powers in the lurch and try to grab for herself the great Yangtze-Kiang Valley.

PERSONAL.